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art, on the other, should persistently persecute the artists by insisting that they need protection when they cry out that they do not want to be "protected," but only want to be let alone. No sooner does the Tariff Bill Committee report in favor of free art than this extraordinary person renews his efforts to defeat the measure. This time, however, it has the support of the (Republican) Secretary of State and of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the influential (Republican) New York Tribune; so that it is somewhat relieved of the old-time odium of being a "free-trade" scheme. The fate of the bill will be watched with great interest by all friends of free art. In the mean time, the question, "Who is Thomas Donaldson?" is likely to pass into history in the same category of unsolved enigmas as the query seeking to disclose the identity of the slayer of the once notorious Mr. William Patterson. MONTEZUMA.

THE "ACADEMY" EXHIBITION.

THE National Academy of Design was understood, two or three years ago, to have undergone a change of heart, and to have definitely reformed. This year, however, for the Spring Exhibition, the Hanging Committee is thought to have done a trifle worse than usual, and the Committee of Selection certainly not any better, so that it may really be feared that the reformation of the Academy is like that of that other venerable metropolitan institution, Tammany Hall. However, there have been worse exhibitions in these same galleries than the present one, and if many of the old, familiar landmarks are still visible there are certain new features, contributed by outsiders mostly, that are interesting.

For the old ones, there is a portrait by Mr. Huntington —that of James Lenox, owned by the Lenox Library— hung in the centre of honor in the South Gallery; there is the familiar "Fall of the Year," by Mr. McEntee (though it is to be wished that all the familiar things were as good); there are the usual landscapes by other honorable Academicians hung on the line, including even an Arctic scene by William Bradford; there is a domestic genre by Thomas Hicks, and the familiar animal jokes by William H. Beard. One of the latter, however, is a very fearsome allegory, in which Death, as a strangler, disposes of tigers, elephants and other wild beasts. There is the old-fashioned military picture by Julian Scott, ragged Continentals on guard duty; one of E. L. Henry's careful, spotty little paintings—this time of a buggy and its occupants in imminent danger of destruction by a railway train—which, as usual, is one of the first pictures to find a buyer; one of Mr. Hovenden's potboilers, a little girl who brings her broken doll to be mended; a big marine view, the "English Channel," by Mr. De Haas. There are two paintings by E. Wood Perry, one of them a large and woodeny "Breton Family." J. G. Brown abandons his bootblacks for the moment and sends his two old women talking over old times— "When we were Girls Together" it is called—which we noticed on the occasion of its exhibition at the Union League Club. He also contributed a young woman in a boat. By the younger associates there is, by Will H. Low, a large and rather thinly painted picture of a nude young nymph disarming Cupid, apparently intended for a decoration, and, among other things, an unsatisfactory little fairy distilling "The Dew on the Roses," by Charles C. Curran, who used to do much better things. Of the sculpture, there is an ambitious group of the good old-fashioned didactic allegory, a helpless female figure beset by an eagle or a vulture, and a heroic little-headed, long-limbed male who comes to the rescue. And there are the very little, very carefully detailed paintings which the critics of the daily paper hail as "Meissonier-like."

Mr. Shirlaw is represented by a study of a female figure, called "Rufina," which has already been commended in these columns as beautiful in the color and quality of its warm flesh tones. Mr. Millet, also an "N.A.," sends probably the best picture he ever painted —"Antony Van Corlear, Trumpeter," big and handsome, taking his ease in his inn or in his neighbor's house, and surrounded by cheerful and admiring wives and maidens. This picture we have also noticed at length. Like Beckwith's portrait of the handsome lady with the fur cloak, which represents him here, it was seen at the Paris Exposition. Mr. Hartley, the sculptor, furnishes a large portrait bust of John Gilbert as "Sir Peter Teazle," full of spirit and vigor of workmanship and an excellent likeness. Mr, Dolph continues without a rival in this country as a painter of cats. Mr. Champney sends "Gathering Mountain Laurel," a landscape with figures more broadly painted than usual. Among the Academicians who remain about stationary is Mr. Maynard, who has been devoting himself, apparently, for the last two or three years to painting mermaids and blue seas. The present example is about as good as the first one of the series; the color is pleasant and decorative rather than true; the nude swimmers are about as chilly in flesh tones and no prettier or more mysterious than their predecessors. Francis C. Jones has done better things than his present "Escaped, in the Desert," a slim girl in curious pale draperies and a dishevelled old man crouched behind some rocks and looking out over a strange, white waste at the approaching caravan.

Much of the most interesting work, however, and some two or three of the pictures that rise to serener heights of merit, are furnished by the outsiders. Chief among these is Henry Oliver Walker's "Mother and Child," a curiously quiet, grave and beautiful study of a young mother nursing her baby. His half-length figure of a "Rosalind" in white is also very good in quality and design, but hardly one's ideal of Shakespeare's heroine of the wood of Ardennes. A still better half-length study is that of the young girl by G. M. Stone, of Boston, which he calls "Leukopis." This and Mr. Walker's "Mother" and Mr. Shirlaw's "Rufina" are among the very best paintings of flesh in the exhibition, though Mr. Shirlaw's tones are as warm and rich as those of the others are pale and chaste. There are a good many nude studies by the better painters, among them one by Kenyon Cox, "The Approach of Love." A red-haired nymph, asleep in rather an uncomfortable attitude upon what seems to be half a bathtub, is approached by a reddish little Cupid, the scene taking place in a sombre, very warm landscape. Mr. Cox's portrait of a little boy in sailor costume will please many more visitors. Mrs. Amanda Brewster Sewell has also gone to Arcadia, and shows us a group of lightly clad damsels seated and standing in a pleasant wide valley and listening to a boy fluting. The drawing is, for the most part, very good, and there is a nice feeling for color. Mr. Denman paints what the calls "A Ballad of Life," in which a nude young woman, holding some sort of an archaic musical instrument, and who might have been designed by Lucas Cranich, so very mediæval is she, advances toward three or four handsomely costumed youths, one of whom kneels to her. What it all means is beyond the comprehension of common mortals. Robert V. V. Sewell sends two large compositions, one of some slim boys sunning themselves after their swim, and one in which an antique harper tells a "Tale of Troy" to three listeners, two lovers and a slave girl.

E. L. Weeks is represented by two works, in one of which a group of natives chaffer in front of a brass bazaar in India, one of them mounted upon a horse apparently of the same material as the white plaster walls. William J. Whittemore's bored little girl in a green dress spending a "Long Half Hour" over her piano lesson is natural and well painted, and so are the two puppies who hang helplessly over the arms of the third "Vagabond" in Clifford Grayson's picture. Mr. Tarbell's cabinet portrait of a slender, pale girl in sombre attire, playing upon a very black violin, looks as though it might have been done by a clever pupil of Mr. Dewing, who has made popular this miniature-like style of picture. In a well-merited place of honor in the South Gallery is Mr. Dewing's handsome young brunette in black, with sapphire eyes and Clouet-like hands—at once a portrait of great distinction and a beautifully painted picture.

The old story of telling the bees is represented again on a large canvas by Hugo Breuil. A very careful, spirited rendering of an impromptu duel after dinner in the good old days, by Frederick James, is only marred by some thinness and crudeness in the painting. The action and characterization are admirable, and assure us that this new-comer will be better known before long. Very charming, but a good deal as though she were in porcelain, is Frank Benson's "Girl in White;" very well managed, in her multitudinous reds, is S. W. Van Schaick's "Reader," and very rich in color each, but rather spotty as a composition, are Mr. Blum's two maids in the grass consulting "Love's Oracle." Horatio Walker furnishes some more pigs, as well painted as ever; there is the usual abundance of good landscapes by Messrs. Palmer, Sartain, Bolton Jones, Murphy, Bruce Crane, Swain Gifford, Shurtleff and others.

The portrait by Mr. Chase of a little girl in a Spanish costume is ingenious and interesting, and that of Mr. Le Gendre, for the Calumet Club, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, is very natural and plausible-looking. There is also one of Admiral Farragut by Professor John F. Weir, of Yale; one of a little girl by Eastman Johnson, not in his best style; one by Wyatt Eaton; a good one of Mr. Henry G. Marquand by George B. Butler, and one of Mr. Shirlaw by Frank Fowler which is not very much like him. Mr. Brush sends a careful study of a broad-chested, low-browed, red-haired woman whom he calls "A Celtic Huntress"—as good a name as any other—and an exceedingly careful anatomical study of a nude male seated in a grotto and harping to some foolish hares, whom he calls "Orpheus"—not a very good name, since the dominant impression conveyed to the spectator's mind is not that of the dispensation of heavenly harmony, but that of the painter's anxiety over his flesh painting. Gilbert Gaul's battle picture, rather painty and somewhat more mannered than usual, shows a color-bearer stripped to his torn shirt, a fifer and two drummer boys leading the charge. In the background are two officers, one immovable and phlegmatic, his thumbs stuck in his belt; the other, with his waxed mustache and his cut of hair, looking as though he had strayed over from the Confederate lines, carries his pistol in one hand and flourishes his cap on the point of his sword. And Mr. Weir has a beautiful scene, in which three or four dogs sit comfortably around the fire. The display of sculpture is larger and rather better than usual; one or two pieces have already been alluded to, and among the others are a vigorous bust of Frank B. Sanborn by Mr. Elwell, and a very graceful one of a young girl by Mr. French.

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

THE movement, as we suppose we must call it, in favor of small exhibitions of works by one or a few artists grows apace. At Avery's Galleries Mr. Swain Gifford succeeded Mr. Picknell with a collection of landscapes which did more than maintain his high reputation. The artist retains his well-known fondness for country within reach of the sea breeze, on which he usually turns his back, with the cedars and gnarled apple-trees he paints so well. Old orchards with broken stone walls; salt marshes patched with brown and yellow; sand-hills and barrens fill most of his canvases. This time, however, he had ventured down to the shore, and his "Gathering Sea-weed," the most important of his recent pictures, was the result. It is in many ways a novel essay for the painter. The horses and the figure of the sea-weed gatherer are the main motive; the landscape, or rather sea-scape, is but the background to them. They make an impressive group, the horses facing the spectator and well foreshortened, the man a little to the left, bending over a streak of brown sea-wrack. The tone, rather cooler than usual, is very beautiful. It is a big picture, nearly filling one end of the gallery. Some brown landscapes in the Munich manner, by a Berlin artist of repute, Karl Heffner, followed Mr. Gifford's works.

A collection of proofs of wood-engravings and of relief and intaglio prints produced by a new method, the works of Mr. W. B. Closson, were shown at Keppel's Gallery, March 24th to April 5th. The wood-cuts were shown before at the Grolier Club, and the prints due to the new method at Boston. Most of these last appear to have been printed in a copper-plate or etching press, some with retroussage. A few seem to have been printed as wood-cuts are. Both are said to be from engravings of the same sort; the former, we presume, from the plate itself, the latter from an electrotype or stereotype cast of it, perhaps backed by solid metal to permit of the extra pressure necessary. The method, in which Professor C. E. Norton shows, in some published remarks, a considerable interest, is kept secret. Of the results we can say that the relief prints equal very good wood-engravings; the others are indistinguishable from ordinary etchings. Many of the designs, of Mr. Closson's own invention, such as "The Swallow's Race," with an Ariel-like figure, show a lively and poetic fancy.

At the American Art Galleries an important innovation has been made in holding at the same time special exhibitions of choice works of ten more or less well-known American artists. Each man's pictures are grouped together; and as he is not restricted to works not before exhibited, he is, in most cases, enabled to make a fair showing of his strength. The result, we should judge, must be as pleasing to the artists as it certainly is to the public. Mr. W. M. Chase, though none of his most important pictures are included, has the most varied and

generally interesting collection. It includes portraits, landscapes, still-life pictures and genre. Of the portraits, that of "Mrs. C——" in black, standing by a small table on which a rose is laid, is perhaps the best; but the "Lady in Pink" and another full-length figure, also in pink and standing against some pinkish drapery, are likewise remarkable for clever handling, harmonious coloring and a certain air of refinement which of late years is seldom absent from Mr. Chase's work. Numerous small landscapes show what a clever hand may do with the commonest scenes, taken almost at random around New York. There are sketches in the parks, with trim grass-plots and bright geranium beds; a view of a backyard, with linen out to dry which might tempt Autolycus into song; docks and marble-yards, grass-grown earthworks with dismounted cannon, bits of Coney Island beach and of flat Long Island fields; no traceable intention in any of these but that of reproducing the scene as in a looking-glass, with the least possible expenditure of work. But this intelligent application of means to ends, and the discipline of eye and hand which it calls for, lift these little works well out of the category of the commonplace. They have no depth of meaning, and their beauty is of the every-day sort, but the evidence of trained and delicate observation which they supply in abundance makes it impossible to pass them by indifferently In the single study of the nude which Mr. Chase exhibits—a woman, back to the spectator, surrounded by flowered Japanese stuffs—this superficial quality of his art seemed more obvious and less excusable. We believe that most artists will agree with us when we call it an abuse of the nude to paint it merely for the purpose of displaying a mastery of certain tones and textures. A degree of beauty much out of the common should be attained, or, at any rate, aimed at. But Mr. Chase's nudes are far from having the refinement and distinction of his draped portraits. In the painting of still-life subjects, on the other hand, he has few superiors. His "Flowers," large peonies in a gray jar, with their fresh, silky petals and lovely tones of white and pale pink, do much to make amends for his "Magdalen." There were other brilliant bits of color among his figure subjects, notably the "Turkish Melody," so called, which is a girl in vermilion against a carmine background.

Mr. Dewey's mother-of-pearl tinted landscapes are as far as needs be from Mr. Chase's. The effect aimed at is less common, though more common in this country than abroad. Vapors of many tones of gray veil the landscape and hang around the rising moon or the setting sun in these paintings, whose names—"The Prelude of Night," "The Hour of Peace," "Mists of the Morning"—tell not only of their subjects, but of the spirit in which they have been painted. Of a somewhat similar character are a few of the later works of Mr. Carleton Wiggins, especially his "Evening after a Shower," which has a particularly fine sky. Other landscapists are Mr. C. H. Eaton, whose best work is in a few small water-colors; Mr. Robert C. Minor, whose "Ebb-Tide," with spray dashing up on a rock in the middle distance, is one of the best things in the exhibition—he sends much admirable work, showing many moods and variations in technic; and Mr. F. K. M. Rehn, who, among other careful studies, chiefly of the sea, has an excellent wood interior, with a sluggish black stream creeping through ferns and brambles.

Of Mr. Henry A. Poore's pictures, perhaps "At Close of Day" is the best. It is a view of the New York river front on West Street, the sidewalk and roadway thronged with laborers, stevedores and carters quitting work. Back of the crowd rise the masts and spars of the shipping and the distant buildings of Jersey City. Mr. Poore's other pictures are mostly of animals. They show ambition, a natural faculty for composition, and a tendency to breadth and vigor of treatment. But much work will be necessary before he can gain a technic adequate to set forth properly his conceptions.

Mr. Frederick Remington has advanced a step or two farther toward complete success. His "Last Stand" of a group of soldiers on top of an embankment is full of dramatic action, of individual character and expression. But his single-figure studies are technically better. There is, indeed, no fault to be found with his natty "Cavalry Officer" in blue shirt and felt hat, with bead-embroidered holster and bowie-knife sheath, nor with his "Cowboy," all buckskin shirt and leather breeches.

Mr. F. D. Millet's graceful studies of girls in classic costume "Lacing the Sandal" or bearing a huge terra-cotta vase were supplemented by a fine interior, "Old Harmonies," a young woman at a piano in a white room with a black-framed mirror, and a good study of seething waves, "A North-East Storm." "Rook and Pigeon" shows seated in a stone kitchen a mild young man, in the gay attire of three centuries ago, evidently getting worsted at cards by the ill-featured fellow who lounges on the end of the table, with his back to the window, which lights up the bare-looking apartment and makes somewhat too glaring for harmony the bright colors in the costumes seen against the cold white walls. The picture tells its story well, the contrasting expressions of the companions, in particular, being strongly characterized. We should have liked to have seen Mr. Millet's admirable "Van Corlear, the Trumpeter" (sent to the Academy) in the exhibition; but as it is, his modest collection of ten pictures is perhaps fairly representative of his best work.

The most popular part of this exhibition at the American Art Galleries, judging from the groups of lingering admirers usually seen in front of the pretty women portrayed, is that of the paintings and pastels of Mr. J. Wells Champney. His work, as a rule, is rather sweet than strong, although into the portrait of the Hon. John Bigelow he has put a great deal of character, the handsome, rugged, but kindly features of the sitter looking not unlike those of an old sea captain. The "old-gold" background of which Mr. Champney is fond fits particularly well the portrait of Miss Elizabeth Bisland, a beautiful brunette with brilliant complexion; her white neck and shoulders are partly concealed by black net, and crisp, curling hair falls over her shapely brow.

Out of the four hundred pictures, sketches, studies and memoranda shown by Frederick A. Bridgman at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries it would doubtless be easy to select thirty or forty which would have compared well with any of the small collections at the American Art Galleries. But it must be said that the great majority of these works were of slight merit. Such a collection of mere studies as surround the pictures is bound to take away from the interest of the exhibition as a whole. It becomes tiresome even to the most friendly critic. Mr. Bridgman's handling is not in itself agreeable. He has a natural eye for color, much as his Algerian models have; but he does not know how to subordinate one color impression to another. He has apparently freed himself from the severe and careful methods of his early training, but the instances are few in which he has attained to anything better. To many, we have no doubt, his scholarly "Procession of the Bull Apis"—a study for the early picture, which deservedly won him high commendation at the Paris Exposition of 1878—will seem the best thing in his exhibition. The scene is the interior of an Egyptian temple. The King and Queen lead the way with an old red-robed priest. Close behind them comes the black sacred bull, the golden disk surmounted by ostrich plumes between his horns. A couple of dancing girls follow, and then a number of white-robed priests bearing the sacred ark. The figures are small, but their action is well observed. The vast gray spaces of the temple bind together the brilliant colors of their costumes. Still we much prefer a few of the later studies, in which, as it seems to us, the artist has been particularly happy or well inspired. Of these the most important was the "Waiting for the Tide," a number of Brittany peasants or fisher-people dotted about on the green slopes of a shady and grassy cove. The peculiar warm tones of the foreground, that seem to glow though in shade, and the violet shadows of the distance mark the close of a hot day. "Fromentin's Café, Algiers," a smaller study, is nearly as successful in rendering the diffused sunlight that pierces into the darkest shadows, bringing out bright bits of local color, and figures of Arabs huddled up in red or blue or lemon-colored cloaks. The "Negro Fête at Blidah" was the best of the larger pictures. The composition is rather scattered, but the splendid draperies of some of the women in the foreground, the tall figure of the black fire-swallower and the applauding circle of negroes swathed in voluminous white drapery were very well done. It does not appear, though, that sensational subjects (of which there were several others) suit Mr. Bridgman's talent. We would willingly exchange the melodramatic "Pirate d'Amour," three pictures in one, for the delicious little head "In the Conservatory." But considered as a gallery of Eastern scenes, life and manners, the exhibition held hardly anything that was not interesting and enjoyable. The green-pillared arcades, blue-tiled fountains, pigeons and oleanders of Moorish court-yards; women at their daily occupations, embroidering, tending flowers, gossiping on the terraces by moonlight, story-telling in their darkened rooms in the heat of the day; in their street attire bundled up in white, or in their home dress of expensive trousers and transparent gauze chemise; scenes in the cemeteries; among the rocks of the Djurdjura; on the house-tops; in the crooked and cavernous streets; it was all Algiers that was laid before us, with excursions now to Cairo or Paris, again to Memphis or London, by way of variety.

AT THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

THOUGH the Institute owns few pictures as yet, it is the policy of the directors to keep the galleries filled as far as possible with a succession of interesting exhibits. For the opening of the new galleries they have secured a collection notable because of the wide variety of modern artistic thought which is there represented. First and most important of all, by the seriousness of its motive and the startling strangeness of its method, is Holman Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents," now exhibited for the first time in America. The Barbizon school is represented by pictures belonging to local collectors, several of which were seen at the Barye Monument Exhibition in New York, the most memorable being Delacroix's superbly dramatic "Giaour and Pasha." In the collection of Mr Albert Munger one notes examples of that accurate texture painting so high in vogue not long ago, and one delightful glimpse of blue Italian skies and seas by Michetti. Jules Breton contributes two beautiful sunset scenes from the Universal Exposition, one of which, "L'Étoile du Berger," has been presented to the Institute by Mr. Philip D. Armour. Modern French decorative feeling is represented by an idyllic picture from that poetic colorist, Puvis de Chavannes. We have also large exhibits from three American artists whose styles are as sharply contrasted as their temperaments. Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt has studied and worked in England, and her portraits are carefully wrought in a spirit of English formalism. Henry Mosler shows a fondness for sombre themes—cleverly executed pieces of graphic literalism, like his sketches of American Indians, or "The Last Moments," which has gained honors abroad because of its able handling of light and expressive characterization. Walter McEwen's preference, on the contrary, is wholly for joyous themes and for the French audacity of thought and brilliancy of technic. Mr. McEwen is a citizen of Chicago who has gained high honors at the Salon and the Paris Exposition, but who has never exhibited in New York. He spends most of his time in Holland, and loves to portray what is beautiful and picturesque in its soft colors and its leisurely life. Dutch peasant girls have so often been denied all charm by our painters that one is not prepared for the piquancy and grace of Mr. McEwen's models. This artist has a delicate imagination, delightful sympathy with children, and keen feeling for the picturesque aspects of life's comedy and pathos. He loves a good story a little too much, perhaps; but he tells it extremely well, with admirable insight into human character. He handles color with an audacity which would be dangerous if his sense of color harmonies were a whit less acute. From him we have glimpses of quaint interiors, with figures outlined against leaded panes or half obscured in shadow; we have sunny fields with sturdy children riotously at play in the soft bright summer haze; we have spaces of marsh and meadow under the mountainous white clouds of Holland; and we have one fanciful, old-fashioned portrait of a delightfully modern girl, who is standing in white robes near an ancient harpsichord—a picture as delicately lovely as the tea-roses which strike its color-key. Mr. McEwen exhibits sixty pictures, of which about a dozen are swift sketches in pastel.

It is seldom that one finds in the same exhibition three pictures so nobly imaginative and so widely contrasted in motive and workmanship as the three large canvases by Holman Hunt, Michetti and Puvis de Chavannes. Each one is in its way an ecstasy, a dream; the first setting forth the joy of faith, the second the joy of sense, the third the joy of thought. "The Triumph of the Innocents" Ruskin has pronounced the most religious picture of the century, and the artist, in a letter to a friend in this city, appeals from the first hasty contempt of his less appreciative critics to the ultimate verdict of time. He measures the value of his work by the exaltation of his motive, and believes that it will be loved when most of our nineteenth-century art is forgotten. This much may be said in support of his faith: though the first view of the picture is a shock which